THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 15. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

RISING BALLET STARS.

Mabel Palgno. Rosa Marston.

Dainty Baby Dancers Who Will Some Day Rule the Stage--- A Pretty Favorite of Royalty "Little Ruby."

BY GEORGINA WALLACE HITCHCOCK.

Once in a great while but nevertheless with great regularity the theatrical world has set forth on their journey to fame and fortune little girls, who, with their childish grace and charming face that contrasts their endeavors to be dramatic, bring the footlights to life and the stage to be given a pleasure and they in turn delight themselves.

One of the brightest of the sets is "Little Ruby," who in private life is known as the baby daughter of Mrs. K. A. Johnson and who lives, when in New York, at 107 West Twenty-third street.

She is one of the most precocious of these little stage favorites, being only 5 years old and a thoroughly bright little child with no thoughts beyond the playthings of babyhood until the stage is mentioned. Dancing and acting are the two subjects that can stir the hilliest from its calmness and even the luxuriate sandcast creatures are put through the stage of indifference and sad, stilled as the stately dames of stage-land. Therefore, it is no wonder that "Little Ruby" made so enjoyable a hit when dancing are to a young duet.

At present she is in London with her mother. They went thither on special cable summons to appear before Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, in Ruby's new dance. Little Ruby is the star feature in a number of fashionable dancing parties, before her return and may be seen in the very interesting offer that she has had to become manager of that quintet.

"Little Ruby" started away from these shores in the Paris and the last glimpse of her was patriotic. She waved the Stars and Stripes of the vessel waving a miniature United States flag.

HER EARNING CAPACITY.

There is also a wonderful attractive force in the little frame that shows in all her dances. One forgets when looking at the graceful poses and twinkling feet that there is a child before them, and not a fairy of the nations. Her childish admiration for freedom that nature only can confer. There is no affected art; she is a child dancing for the joys the full measure of her gift, and is made sought after by dancing masters. One offer from a New York theatre accompanied by a check for $1,000 was the most gratifying signature, and she declined at the comfortable sum of fifty a week. She is only most of years of age, but the amount each week, and considering that she was to give a performance of fifteen in a week and each one lasting only eight minutes. Including encores, the average remuneration was equal to about four dollars a dancing minute.

ANOTHER PRODIGY.

Daisy Vale Dale, with her flimy skirts and beautiful wavy hair, is a picture even before the curtain sets her from view. She is a winsome child of 12 years, bright and full of life, and a favorite with the theatre going public, not a bit effected by her success on the stage and as truly childlike as mother could wish a girl so young to be. With her mother she helps to keep house in a cozy little apartment in New York and will treat her friends to many an impromptu performance. Mrs. Dale, who is an actress herself but not to bear on the early stage ambitions of her daughter, is a watchful over her daughter's every action, suggestion of blisks and bottles to the possession of tender phrases which only childhood's youths will never be here.

Although divorced from public appearance, she still keeps up her studies for the future and is a thorough believer in the theories of Froebel. To display the necessity of the natural bent of the child and not to worry—any nature with a few instructive touches added to help it over rough spots.

YOUNG DARE.

Little Miss Mabel Paige is a native of New York, and, although she has been on the stage but a short time, she is only 7 years old, and is the youngest of the set but to wait many months before she will have joined to make her debut in New York. But this has not prevented her from gaining a remarkable reputation as a dancer.

Her first public appearance was in Washington, D. C., in "Quorum," and "the fun of 7" she took the leading part in "Little Miss Muffet." Her work in the last three seasons has been a star of a favorable moment why where ample opportunity for showing the display of her specialties. She also sings and acts, but outside of New York state.

The stage has a very decided tendency to turn a performer, especially those of the tender sex, into Mrs. Paige, who always accompanies her little daughter, and who has become quite a fixture of the theatrical world as soon as her performances are over.

On the afternoon I was given to Rose Marston, who lives with her mother, also in New York. Utterly devoid of stage fright, although she is, however, thoroughly in love with her chosen profession, and grieves much that the law declares her an infant, although she is within sight of her thirteenth birthday. Her darling is the World and her life company, where she played the part of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in dramatization of that play. She is a pretty little thing, with a face that breaks into the most delightful dimples when she smiles and a captivating pair of brown eyes that are rather roguish, beset beneath her curved eyebrows.

A BABY PERFORMER.

While Vesta Tilley, the celebrated English male impersonator, was in this country she took a great fancy to tiny Miss Lillian Shaw, the baby actress of Mrs. Shaw's company at 125 East Eighty-sixth street, New York.

Miss Tilley is a pretty good judge of stage dancing and was charmed by "Little Lily" as I know? They are acting and I give you fair warning if you stay here and scare all my fish away I'll throw you right in."

Divinely tall and most divinely fair was Lily as she stood in the shining sunlight over the tender grass, the mountain winds rippling her golden hair, and Jack knew in a moment that he never could forget her. He rose to his feet and the occasion to play the gallant. Neither of 'em paid the slightest

I LULLABY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest:
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

JACK'S PROPOSAL.

Jack wanted to, but Mary didn't, and that's the way it all came about. I'm sure she was the very daintiest, sweetest, loveliest girl on earth, added a great deal more of love's hyperbole, and—entre nous—even scored into poetry occasionally, could be read to Christopher Columbus, her pet built name.

But as Christopher withheld his nose decidedly and had did not show the least intimation of a wag, Jack tore it up—the poetry, I mean.

The trouble was Jack wanted to propose and couldn't. He never did to bring up the eventful subject but Miss Mary would turn the conversation so deftly before Jack was half through that he gave it up.

As Jack confided to his chum (who shall be nameless for reasons):

"Do you know, H., if I speak of sunsets she will immediately have a wild desire to discuss ethnology or irregular Greek verbs, and if I mention wedding bells she will say I love to hear the music, but if I ever should bang me if I don't believe she'd ask me how my bowe was."

By which it can readily be seen that Miss Mary was a young woman of decided ideas and one who could promptly succeed to produce the possibility of proposals.

One afternoon I was lying on the river bank indistinctly fishing, while Jack sprawled upon the grass alternately reading and watching. Then he looked up and said, somewhat suddenly:

"Jack," Butler cayeed that rather good. Listen, H.:

"The water was gently flowing
And with him fades the dying day.
Cruel, cruel, cruel maid, love is the boat,
Fit time love's winding words to say.

"Pretty good, eh, H.?"

"Good! Oh, gracious! You want to change those last two lines, and it should be:

"Alas! still lives a love-struck crank,
Who can't say what he wants to say.

"Bosh!" he said, with some emphasis, if you're comparing day and night."

"Temper! Temper! Don't please you," said Jack. Then a long silence, which he broke by saying: "I'll be you this much, old man."

"I take a run around the block! How do I know? They are acting and I give you fair warning if you stay here and scare all my fish away I'll throw you right in."

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Little Ruby. Violet Dale. Fostina Reggiero.

attention to me. I was supposed to be dead.

"Jack," she said, sweetly, "I want you to row me up to the store. Will you?"

Jack looked at me, grinned, got the two of them and the boat and started.

Jack, I've been thinking that it would be precisely fiddlesticks if to about ten minutes. I knew it was to be interesting, so I gave up the fishing and watched them.

(Here, later: They have drifted down the river, both behind Miss Mary's parasol.)

Now, Jack being one of those fellows who believes in rowing near an opportunity, calmly rowed the boat out in the middle of the river and then, as I predicted, slipped the oars and commenced the convo sation.

"How well we get along together in a boat," he remarked, gazing sentimentally at Mary.

"Jack," I interjected, "but I wish you'd row up to the store. I don't want to waste the whole afternoon drifting like this."

"Oh, of course," he waking up suddenly. Two strokes. Then, "I wish we could always——"

"There are a lot of new people coming to-day," she broke in. "Are they, Jack?"

"Did he? How?" Then with a brilliant idea, "Are you ever interested in other people?" he asked, in his most beguiling tone.

"Yes—now, there's Christopher Columbus. I'm interested in him. I wish I had him here this very minute. I'd kiss his dear little nose."

"I were only Christopher Columbus," insinuated Jack.

"I wish you were sometimes," she cried, suddenly. "Then I could shut you up occasionally, couldn't I?"

"Say, what would anybody do with a girl like that? The end of it was that Miss Mary left the boat in a crowd to the store to buy some things, and I was successful.

"I wish I were dead," said Jack, sadly.

I told him how astonished it would be to have him lying around dead. He said I should like a fool.

"Jack, my dear boy," I said, patronizingly, "I am two months older than he. The best time you try to pop the question is when you're alone with a girl in a boat. Go and let all the fools come afterward."

"I never thought of that," he answered, thoughtfully. "I wonder if it would work? You're a trump, H., and I'll try it."

Small enough they were both drawn to the wood, and I hid behind a tree. I didn't like the fine part of it a bit, but I owed Jack time to hear Jack say:

"Mary, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Fifth question, she answered, coyly. "You silly boy, why didn't you say so before?"

"Just what I told him," said I, coming from behind the tree.

"The you? You dear boy, you may kiss me if you'll keep still, Jack."

And I did.—Exchange.

Ed's Rose Colliquent.

"My dear," said Mrs. Impedimenta," said the lawyer who was growing up with the country and then rejoicing over a damage suit for $2,000. A can of gunpowder is in the basement of a hardware store and my client, who had just purchased a dark-lot, was occupying a ball keg on the floor in the front part of the store when some one came in and said the fat of a finger, and the fat of a finger, and the fat of a finger, and

BLACK DAVY OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

CHAPTER IV.
THE IDIOT HERMIT.

Hazer had passed before Miss Belle Marsden unnoticed consciousness. Black Davy regained a little strength and sat down at the foot of the precipice, when he climbed down to the bottom to take a look around. He heard nearly fair a chill of horror when he saw the body of the girl lying at the foot of the cliff and dressed in the same of her, he was amazed. That she could possibly have been able to reach the place he did not believe possible, though she had fallen from the top of the cliff, and he was in doubt as to how he felt that she might be one of the Red Earth Claim people.

"This is mysterious," the little blacksmith said to himself, as he looked at the girl.

Then he started to work with some of his accustomed and double skill to bring her to consciousness.

When Belle regained consciousness, she heard a sound that fell on her ears like the music.

It was a gentle murmur, so gentle, and so far away, that she could not at first decide what it was.

"Where am I?" she asked.

She thought that she had a symphony—a faint one—and that she was in a place she had ever heard in her life, still rang in her ears.

She raised her body on her elbow. It was still night, and dark. She felt the cold, damp cliff air and her head when she put it down upon the ground, and she felt the moss under her cheek.

"Am I dead, or on the ground where I fell?" she thought to herself.

She heard a footstep coming toward her, but whether it was human or animal she could not say.

"Who is near?" she asked.

There was no answer, save the advancing tread of some one. She could hear the occasion of some large object at her side, and she heard from the ground above the crest of some large, fat-like arms, which seemed to her to be the arms of a man, or of a chimpanzee.

She was carried a long distance, and though she tried to speak a word to her captor, she received no answer.

At last she was carried into a cavern, that was in the side of the cliff and about half-way down from the top.

Her captor, or rescuer, whichever he might be, laid her down on a bed of moss in one section of the cavern.

By this time she has settled better that he was a human being, who he had taken such extreme care of her captivity, she had no fear of him, and she felt that he was a friend.

"Who are you?" she asked, when she saw him.

"I am Georgie Lamont," she asked her.

"Georgie Lamont," he answered, in a voice that was not unlike the sound of a bell.

"Are you not the idiot hermit that people talk of so much?" she asked.

"I am the idiot hermit," he answered, and he uttered no word that would convince her that he was not an idiot. He was a man of large size, and his face was not unlike the face of a man who had been exposed to the weather for many years.

"Where am I now?" she asked, when she saw him take another step. "Back to the top, my good friend?"

"There are no steps," he said.

"Can you not speak?" just after she had asked him the question, for she saw that he was dumb.

He walked a moment, and then on the darkness around her she could see a small room that ever to murder her. It might be to the mouth of a cavern, and that it would be the great of a bear.

She listened at the entrance, but she could hear no sound.

Mr. Meeks took his leave and the quieting dose was given.

She was certain that she was in a cavern, and she crept in and warmed her hands.

Not a living being was in sight. The cavern was very large up to the roof, and was perfectly dry. She crept to the entrance and looked out. The sun was shining quickly down back. The dizzy height of the cliff made her shudder, and she was afraid she would not descend from the precipice beam or descending save by climbing down by the rock. It was the only second impossible for any human being.

"I am a prisoner," she said to herself, "after for that person or creature, whatever it may be, who carried her to the cave to get the night before."

She knew that she could not have been in the day for if he had carried her any human. What was it? It must have been some creature that was not human, and said me to person she thought.

Friend with a sigh of despair she sat down on the bed of moss and sobbed.

But Belle Marsden was a brave girl and not one given to despair.

After she had recovered she again crept to the entrance of the cavern. An overpowering curiosity to see the face of the man who had come to her rescue, and who had carried her and sat guarding out into the valley, and further upon the mountains.

While thus occupied, she suddenly discovered a man coming up the mountain path across the bottom. It was low of stature, but it was a heavy arm. He was heavily bearded and dead, and it had a great lump on the back of his head.

At the approach of this frightful creature, the frightened girl drew back from the entrance of the cavern, and hid behind a boulder and clasped. She observed in the brief glance she had of the man that he was stooped in stature, and that his head and face were hidden by a heavy growth of hair on the shoulders, and covered with hair, so that his head and face could not be seen at all.

He paused at the foot of the cliffs, and appeared to be looking for some one. Then he clambered, panted up at her with his arms like those of a bear, and began to climb the precipitous cliff. Soon he had climbed for the night before.

Mr. Meeks, the man who had brought her to the cavern on the night before, had returned to his home in Interlocken burning her, and yet there was something so repulsive in the manner that she could not but shudder when he approached.

"Don't you like me, Belle?" she asked.

She squeezed by a grant, and, taking from the bags pockets in his bear skin coat a bottle of milk and some of the bread dried venison she had ever seen, he placed them on a platter which he took from the side of the wall.

His capacious pockets seemed to contain everything that he could have needed for her comfort. There was a large bottle of milk, and a large piece of the dried meat, and a large piece of bread for the unfortunate prisoner. Last of all he drew a large bottle of water from the side of the cliff on the platter, and then advancing to the entrance to the cavern, he made a large square stone and with a most hideous grimace sat down.

For a moment Belle regarded him with fear, but when she observed that he had brought her food, she began to think that he was not that monster meant.

She ate her breakfast and after taking a moment to look up and down with his eyes, he left the cavern and began to climb the cliff with an activity that seemed marvelous.

Hunger and curiosity overcame the other feelings of the unfortunate girl, and she advanced toward the flat square stone, and ate of the food that was upon the platter. Fear of the unknown, fear of the mysterious, fear of life, and preservation of consciousness, and fear of the unfortunate she ate heartily. Then she gave her attention to the water, and drank a portion of it.

Filled with surprise she opened it, and found that it was a bottle of milk, and in order to read it. The note was as follows:

"Miss Belle Marsden: Trust idiot Joe, the feature of the mountain. He is harmless, and though he cannot speak a word, he understands everything that is said to him. He will be your guide and protector. You can trust him. It was he who found you, and carried you to the cave. Your friend, Black Davy from getting you. Do not try to escape, for the mountains will be the certain death. You would be sure to fall into the hands of the Red Earth people, or many enemies of whom you do not dream. Remain in the cave, and Joe will bring you food. Do not be afraid of him. He will not harm you. Trust him, and he will be your friend. Your friend, Black Davy."

Belle read the letter through half a dozen times, and then she stood and sat down to think. Then she read it through again, and then she sat down and pondered it through. "this is surely the most mysterious thing."

She looked at the signature. It was a name that she had never heard before. It was a long name, and she had never heard it before.

"Who is Georgie Lamont?" she asked herself. "Is he a friend of mine? Is he one of the Red Earth people? Is he a friend?"

All of her letters became tired, and after reading the letter over and over again, she laid down on a bed of moss and slept. She felt into a deep sleep, and she did not wake for a moment during the entire night. She was ready for the consultation that she must go through with in the morning.

On rising from her couch of leaves, the first thing that she noticed was that she discovered that after all he was not so bad-looking after all.

He was to the act of going, but she said to him:

"Will you not come with me?" and she had eaten he removed the cloth. She made a sign of encouragement, and he fully fastened.

His face and was an elderly man. His hair was almost white, and the beard which fastened on his breast was also almost white. His face on a closer examination was not that of a man who was an idiot. It was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, and the marks of suffering and she could see that his eyes were full of intelligence. He, the long arms she some strength and power. He was a man of action with some instrument of torture. He was a man who could not be an idiot, and he some new fortune or necessity, and she felt sure that he was not an idiot. He was a mystery. He was faithful, kind and considerate, and she felt sure that he was a friend.

They went up, and she knew not whether they were in the vicinity of Interlocken or a strange man. At all wandering mystery. It was to be carried her to the cave, and she left the night before.

"I am sure that I could not have been on the top of the cliff," she said to herself, "for any human. What was it? It must have been some creature that was not a man, and said me to person she thought.

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While thus occupied, she suddenly discovered a man coming up the mountain

FASHIONS & FOLLIES

of the frat braid, forming with openwork black or diamond patterns. These dreary looking garments are relieved with jet, and the braid and passaments they are made of little low in the neck and sleeves, and are designed to slip over a second high necked long-sleeved silk or satin blouse in black, white, or some other bounding color.

Hed a Right to the M. D.

A lady passenger on a Canadian river steamer was taken ill in the night; the steamer's assistance was required, but the steamer did not carry a medical man of the profession. The list of passengers was read through in order to discover whether there was a medical man among them, and sure enough, in the person of James Thompson, M. D. The steward quickly ran to the berth, and was met by a challenge by servant-maid at the door of the cabin:

"What's the matter? Is the boat sinking?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort," replied the steward, "but there's a passenger ill, and we want your assistance, doctor," replied the steward.

"What are you playing at?" growled the M. D. from his berth.

"Why, you've got M. D. after your name?" "Well, I ought to, considering after it I like, can't I?" said the M. D. "That's my truth, I'm a mere drover—Mortimer Dobbin, M. D."

Farmers Break the Beggy Monopoly.

It is claimed that for years buggy manufacturers have practically controlled the field, and that but recently, through the combined assistance of the farmers' clubs, granges, and other farmers' organizations, the Selle Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, have got the buggy trade down to a fine point. They have gone to the farmers, and by their proposals to them are shipping them to intending purchasers direct to their nearest railway station. The consumer thus gets the benefit of the manufacturer's profit, and the latter is saved the enormous loss to the savings and loan associations and dealers.

Beauty Hints.

To Get Thin.—Eat a great deal of chopped meat without any potato in it, drink little fluid of any kind except strong tea. Exercise a great deal without drinking, and do not eat bread, butter or sweets of any kind. Lemonade, and drinks of all kinds and ices, and all waters are forbidden. Also take a glass of hot water before breakfast.

To Get Stout.—Go to bed early, sleep after each meal. Go to bed at 8 o'clock and lie in bed half an hour after you wake up. Laugh a great deal. Drink water in the bath or the quart if you can. Drink weak and sweet tea with plenty of milk in it. Take cod liver oil and sweet oils as much as you can get down. Eat as much fat and bread as do not be afraid of sweets and sweet wines. This will guarantee a rate of five pounds a month and, if you can't sleep a great deal, of double that amount.

To Have a Wide Skin.—To be stout is all. Become a vegetarian; they always have beautiful skins. Once in six weeks rub on a mask of fresh veal. Drink as much water as you can get down. Eat as much fruit as you can or suffer. Every breakfast may be oatmeal and oranges; your dinner fruit, nuts, fruit tea—generally quince tea—stewed bread, muffins, cauliflower croquettes, marmalade, and dishes of stewed vegetables. The diet is not so bad when you become accustomed to it.

To Become Very Muscular.—Walk a great deal, carrying something always in your hands. This develops the arms. Also a hoop might be good if one were brave enough to do in public. Practice lifting on a Bible every day. Never strain or tire yourself. Eat meat, drink milk and porter, feeding backward, forward and sideways as much as you can. Rub on a mixture of brandy or eau de cologne into the under part of the arms.

To Have Some Health.—Sit still. Be sweet all night and morning. Exercise then by rubbing another. Never wear your corsets or snug gloves.

To Keep One's Feet Small.—This is difficult. The first sign that one has passed the limit is when one's shoes begin to pinch at the sides—and this is necessary. Take to spread and really grow. To remedy this wear shoes as long as can be managed, but not at wide as seem necessary. Never wear old slippers around the house unless they are snug in the stitch.

To Have Small Hands.—Wear no jewelry, no rings on the fingers, no bracelets, no ear-scrap pulls, or rub on lemon at night. A sprinkling of lime juice is also good.

Handsome Dress Goods.

Russian blouses of black, green, brown, blue, or gray silks of various weaves, plain and full across the fronts, or laid in narrow pleats or the fronts, in wide or narrow pleats. Still, the woven braid weaves with silk and wool, or silk and cotton, are the most novel "fancies" in silk and wool. To the blouses will be added sweeled belts whose colors of rainbow weaves will not match or contrast handsomely with the color of the bonnet they wear. Many of the new blouse models still open down the left side of the front, and are made of silk and fancy braid, black with gold, or some weave that, as a rule, are made of the blouse material and are fixed over the left side of each fabric. Odd and pretty models are formed entirely of this variation in braid, a bolero with made into shape by crossing lines

of the braid, forming with openwork black or diamond patterns. These dreary looking garments are relieved with jet, and the braid and passaments they are made of little low in the neck and sleeves, and are designed to slip over a second high necked long-sleeved silk or satin blouse in black, white, or some other bounding color.

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A Whisky Diet.

First Canadian—"Have you to eat that fellow I cut?"

Second Canadian—"Why not?"

First Canadian—"He was by from Kentucky, and I signed the pledge yesterday."—Life.

TOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR O'T.

says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture, but you can if you want to, and it is the most habit ever. "We know of many cases in which it has been used with success in the habits. This develops the arms. A walking hoop might be good if one were brave enough to do in public. Practice lifting on a Bible every day. Never strain or tire yourself. Eat meat, drink milk and porter, feeding backward, forward and sideways as much as you can. Rub on a mixture of brandy or eau de cologne into the under part of the arms.

He Wor.

"How's your brother, Tommy?"

"He's all right, 'cept he's cut himself."

"Cut himself?"

"Yes, we're playing at who could lean out of a window the farthest, and he won."—Tit-Bits.

Woman Made Beautiful

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He Went Hungry.

Cohen—"How's Isaac Hirschfeld. He wear unlit hear on his clothes till he more like a yaller dog than a human being."

Mrs. Cohen—"How I hinnih him, ber?"

Cohen—"He was by from Sing Sing on gentiles bunishment not profit."—Life.

Alaska.

For a good map of Alaska, and the latest information giving mailing laws, send to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Price 50c. by mail.

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EVERYONE knows about the wonderful talking machine. Nothing is so interesting and so wonderful. Boyce's Monthly has secured the agency for this and will for a short time only give away one free with every subscription. The "United States Talking Machine, shown above, represents the latest improvements. Reproduces the human voice perfectly. Will not wear out like music machine. Voices, pictures or sound can be put on wax tablets, and reproduced as often as desired. Can be used with any phonograph records. Will not get out of order. The only machine that can be used for taking records. Price complete, including one wax tablet, only $2.48. This wonderful talking machine will make every home smile and put a family in a good humor for months. Will entertain the children for hours. Will make the old folks forget their troubles. Will make the whole family laugh. Will make the neighbors envious. Will make everybody happy. Will make you feel young and keep out debt, etc. Think of it! Any father thinks the twins are astonishing when they say papa or mamma into the phonograph record and then reproduce the voice over and over again. Think of the fun you can have at a social or party when you have a talking machine. If you never buy another thing for your home, buy this. If you have a complete machine record and a parlor entertainment. If you prefer, we will give you a machine free if you will get us 4 subscriptions at 25 cents each, sending us the list of subscribers and the $1.00 you have collected. You offer is made to build up Boyce's Monthly, and we are willing to do almost anything to get it. Boyce's Monthly is a magazine for the home, and is the best 5 cent magazine published. Has a large staff of writers, and each month there will appear one or more complete novels, and many short stories. Has a department for the ladies, one for the children, one for the boys, one for the girls, one for the old folks, one for the young folks, one for the middle aged, one for the married people, one for the single people, one for the rich people, one for the poor people, one for the sick people, one for the well people, one for the lame people, one for the blind people, one for the deaf people, one for the dumb people, one for the crippled people, one for the healthy people, one for the strong people, one for the weak people, one for the tall people, one for the short people, one for the fat people, one for the lean people, one for the dark people, one for the light people, one for the red people, one for the white people, one for the black people, one for the yellow people, one for the brown people, one for the gray people, one for the green people, one for the blue people, one for the purple people, one for the orange people, one for the pink people, one for the people who live in houses, one for the people who live in flats, one for the people who live in apartments, one for the people who live in hotels, one for the people who live in boarding houses, one for the people who live in cottages, one for the people who live in mansions, one for the people who live in shanties, one for the people who live in tents, one for the people who live in the open air, one for the people who live in the country, one for the people who live in the city, one for the people who live in the suburbs, one for the people who live in the north, one for the people who live in the south, one for the people who live in the east, one for the people who live in the west, one for the people who live in the northeast, one for the people who live in the northwest, one for the people who live in the southeast, one for the people who live in the southwest, one for the people who live in the middle states, one for the people who live in the eastern states, one for the people who live in the western states, one for the people who live in the southern states, one for the people who live in the northern states, one for the people who live in the middle west, one for the people who live in the far west, one for the people who live in the far east, one for the people who live in the far north, one for the people who live in the far south, one for the people who live in the middle north, one for the people who live in the middle south, one for the people who live in the middle east

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
20 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Wednesday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
118, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Copy One Year.....$1.00
One Copy Six Months.....50
TO ADVANCE
Subscriptions to the Chicago Daily Ledger, Weekly Ledger, Monthly Boys' Ledger, and Boys' Ledger Weekly, will be received at the rate of 10 cents per month, payable monthly or quarterly in advance.
For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.
Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-Class Matter.

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Chicago police, as well as the police in all the large cities, and every person walking in the streets of Chicago, should be on the lookout for a man who is known to the police as Frank Williams, but who is known to the police of Chicago under many aliases. He is a well dressed and genteel appearing person, and according to the police records he has served a term in the penitentiary for robbery. He is a dangerous man, and should be avoided by all persons having any thing to do with him. Beware of strangers.

Read John R. Musick's latest and best story, "Buck Davy."

Talking is like riding a wheel. A man may know how to stop, but may not know how to stop.

Every storekeeper regards peanuts as a staple. People are always willing to shell out for them.

Before a girl is married to a man she looks him in the eyes. After she is married to him she looks him in the face.

A man can test his wife's love now by declaring that if hostilities begin he is going to enlist. Her judgment is a dispassionate sometimes.

A married man, on being asked whether or no he was in favor of having the old steam boiler exploded, replied that he was no need to being blown up by his wife during the course of the year for information.

A Chicago cook on the way to Klondike says that she had 125 offers of marriage before she left home. Evidently she knows how. But that is nothing to what she would have had if she had been cooking hash.

Lord Salisbury's daughter, Gwendolen, is an author of considerable fame. It is said of her that at fourteen she was so proficient in the composition that her father has taken a degree. She has probably inherited some of the literary ingenuity of her father. He is the authoress of a book on "The Science of Lumbago."

A very remarkable proof of the universality of the great Smith family was given a short time ago in the case of a man who, in a special jury action it was found that one of the witnesses, all of whom had "good men and true" answered to the name of Smith, and moreover that the jury themselves were guilty to the same Christian names. It is surely time that the bearers of so common a name should make a protest against this monopoly of the double name and the double Christian name.

The wind disturbed the congregation of the Central Methodist church at the service one evening last week, when Miss Davis was sweetly singing the solo which begins "Sweet are the thoughts that savor of heaven. The Lord Is My Shepherd." Just as she reached the second verse and a shower of dust through the ventilators in the ceiling of the church. The organist lost his place in the accompaniment, and the singer was startled for a moment, but the sermon never faltered. The window in the middle of the church had been blown out by the storm.

John D. Rockefeller, the famous millionaire, still possesses the ledger with which he started in business over forty years ago. It is a little yellow-backed account book, and is known as "Ledger A," and it shows that his income in 1855, the first year of his career, was $1,253, while in 1897 Mr. Rockefeller's income was $18,000,000. The increase of that I paid my washerwoman and the half dollar I paid, and I thought it was a little and put it away. The poorest man," he remarked, "can afford to save, but nothing but money—nothing else in the world—will make money."

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UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

A mourning dove's call from a green tangled thicket.
A whip-poor-will's cry through the twilight's dim hush.
The fragrance of lilac that blooms by the door.
The orbird's home song from the tall grasses hush.
The lowing of cattle far down in the wood lands.
The meadow-brook's song and the rustle of the corn.
The resonorous cooings that sound from the pigeon's throat.
The whistling of wings, and the humming of bees.
The voice of a skylark, the nightingale's thrilling.
The deep undercurrents of the waves of the sea.
The reaching bird's medley the summer days in June.
With echoing secrets for you and for me;
The sweetest of music that ever is lived in the morning
Of nature's glad melodies, faultless, complete.
Records not every measure in harmony, charming,
But's wortliest music so charming and sweet.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A LOVER AT LARGE.

He Loved, Everyone Lovable, and Finally Went Back to the Widow.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.
(Copyright by the Author.)

"But Kitty, you are perfectly unreasonable!"

"I don't know what I saw with my own eyes."

"Well, what did you see, then?"

"You sat be her all through a waltz; you talked to her and looked at her face, and then you got up and danced with her, and I'll bet you said the same things to her that you did to me."

"But Kitty—"

"Don't call me 'Kitty' to me! The idea of that little widow's being attractive! She's a perfect fright, and I hate her!"

"No, she's not. We were, born the same year, and I've known her since I was a boy."

"Well, you found that out, did you? Well, I suppose you knew her when she was a little thing. She is not very much more now, I suppose her husband loved her. I don't see how he could, for she's afraid of her life! She tested nerve to stay at home and behave herself when you were away, and I don't know how to stop."

He looked at her helplessly—the big, handsome, simple-minded fellow. He was no match for her in wit, but he was a man of him there's something sweet, too small to be called a virtue, that makes him a favorite with women.

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WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY
For the Blood and Nerves.
Paine's Celery Compound.

"I love none but you."

here is Gerald Hayes, with nothing in life to live for but you."

Mrs. Millicent hesitated. "Oh, do let me," she pleaded, believing that it was the greatest pleasure and kindness to do a favor for another. "Gerald is a dear friend of mine, and I'm sure I'll be delighted to help him. Where is he staying?"

"At the Riverside at Mrs. Norwood's way good, but I'm afraid I should be in the way awake all last, and most annoying. She rained on, and I'm positively fond of her, and I'm sure mother and Gerald found that he and Mrs. Norwood were not congenial. Now, I'll tell you, with his perfect understanding of their humors, I'll have them both here at once. Do let me try to see me in the carriage."

"With many regrets over my own foolishness, believe me, truly yours,

"KATHERINE NICHOLSON."

To this note Millicent replied:

"My dear Child—I cause to me you on Monday with Gerald Hayes. I appreciate your reasons candor, but you evidently did not care to hear it. I have done nothing which Gerald, but then he fell into his old ways of dropping in to see her, of listening to her singing, of taking her to drive. She noticed and rested him. She began to seem to him the one woman in the world who never disappointed."

"GERALD HAYES."

After sending the note he felt very miserable, as miserable in fact that it did not seem to him he could endure it much longer, that, and as he went to see Mrs. Millicent he was sure that he would find her alone. He had not been in the habit of calling at any house of women that she had a very good friend, and which he had been very much friendly amused. She sang to him, and he seemed to enjoy it, but he cared nothing for ballads, reveling especially in ones with the thoroughbass. Then, just as a lit, and he was sure that he would find her alone.

"You're feeling down-hearted, aren't you?" she asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, he answered, biting the ends of his mustache, and feeling unusually like a boy. "I'm rather a blow today."

He would have told her all in a minute, but she would have liked him love if he had.

"Is it anything I can help you?"

"If you love anything you can help me that. See it all before you decide it's so worthless."

"Do you really think one can get over a love affair in a day? I should think you'd be happy without the things that one wants?"

"I think you are the only one who can know you can. It isn't the time now to talk of it. I'm going to see you this evening, and I'll tell you all about it. I'll not make the story too short, too stupid. But it will be worth your while to hear it."

"I think I shall go away," he said gloomily. "I'm feeling rather stupid with the change does a fellow such a lot of good."

"I'll not go now," she answered. "I'm expecting Miss Sherlock this afternoon, and I'm very much afraid she will come with me. I've been wanting to see her, and I'm going to take them. They're nice girls, both of them. I think you'll like them."

"Very well," he said, rather dejectedly. "I'll go to the theatre, I guess. It will be as good to me I'd like to help you if I can."

"You can," she answered, looking up at the hearth, but he was looking down at the floor. "You can help me by coming back this evening."

"Thank you," he said, a little stiffly. "I'll be back at 8 o'clock, and you can tell me all about it."

"Very well," she answered, quietly. "I'll put on a dress that you like, and I'll be as good to me I'd like to help you if I can."

He left her, and she sat looking at the hearth, but he was looking down at the floor.

"Gerald Hayes is a very nice man," she said to herself, "and I'm very much afraid I'm going to fall in love with him. But I'll not do anything of the kind. I'll be sensible and I'll be careful, and I'll not let him see that I care. I'll be as good to me I'd like to help you if I can."

He went home and dressed carefully, and a little before 8 o'clock he was ringing the bell at the assumed perfumery with which she had filled the house.

"If he like her—what do—you want me to do?" she asked herself, and then she sat quietly to go to bed yet. Shall I go up and see if the baby is all right?" she said to herself, but to play him to your Mercy, but I will not. I'll not go up."

She sat for half an hour more, with a much lighter heart. She was so unreasonably happy that she was afraid she would be the dearest darling in the world.

"I'll not be that," she answered sadly as he went.

"Then you should be so? It was, as he had said, the only way to get rid of the pain, and he was going to go to Mrs. Millicent's now, and he would tell her everything. That was full of the afterglow of his last moments with Millicent.

Suddenly he bethought himself of a friend in the Klondike, a friend and devoted lady woman, who lived right on the way. He would go to her, and would tell her that he was just the right to make it. So he wakened the cabman, and told him to change his destination.

But "who can contend with his wife?" Gerald's purpose in the end was to go to bed, walked straight into the trap which Mrs. Millicent had set for him. As he stood in Mrs. Norwood's hall, he heard the voice of Millicent in the parlor, and for a moment, fainting, but the servant pulled open the door, and he walked in. There was nothing for him to do but to go on. Mrs. Millicent was sitting on the sofa, and Miss Sherlock was there, but he scarcely noticed either of them. He walked straight to Millicent, and held out his hand.

"Millicent, dearest," he said, "I've come to you. I've been a fool, but I'm not one any more. I've found out that I love you, and you only. Will you be my wife?"

He looked at him and laughed. He was so like and yet so boyish. The frown that had been on Millicent's face when she saw Miss Kitty still shadowed on her features. Good Heavens! Was he going to be married to her? Was she to be married to him?

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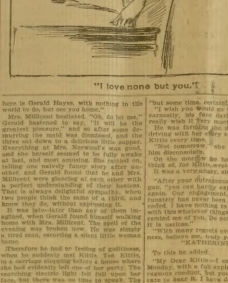

A Young Filibusterer.
True and vivid account of a daring expedition which ran the gauntlet of Spanish spies, reached the heart of Cuba, and landed its precious cargo of arms and ammunition in the very midst of the distressed isle. Specially written by a young Pennsylvania boy fighting in the Cuban army.

Dread Dynamite Guns.
How Uncle Sam prepares them terrible weapons of war for the defense and enforcement of the country. Absolutely destructive of such frightful and invincible force that they may end great wars altogether.

Donna Clotilde's Lover.
A brilliant love story by the famous author, CLOTILDE INCHBALD. Full of the romantic and wealthiest Italian life, of the intrigues of a beautiful woman, of love, of hatred, of a duel, and of a fatal revolt which followed.

These and many more stories and articles, profusely illustrated, and all written by the greatest living writers, will appear in

The Chicago Ledger.

Three Great Serials of strange adventure, romance and mystery.

"BLACK DAVY,"
By JOHN R. MUSICK.

"ELISSA, THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE,"
By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"BY FATE'S DECREE,"
By E. BURKE COLLINS.

And the fascinating medley of LATEST FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, YOUNG FOLKS' PATTERNS, POETRY, MUSIC, DEPARTMENTS, PUZZLES, ETC., ETC., all combine to make The LEDGER the greatest popular illustrated family paper.

I can look upon is any way as a reason for breaking our engagement. I am therefore compelled to believe that you wish it broken. Against your wish I will not appeal. Believe me very sincerely yours,

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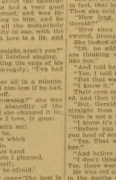
She Broke Her Cross.
Here is a case of a very charming young woman of central Ohio, who had great beauty and wit to commend her. And so she was building into womanhood a cloud upon its darkest day. The fear troubles weighed so heavily upon her that for a time the young woman could not leave her house. She used to confine her friends from her side, and was in danger of falling an invalid, chronic. Her friends, seeing many, she was quoted as an example of "broken down." She seemed to be on the decline, and everyone was expecting that she would soon be borne her burden with such fortitude. One day she received a letter from a friend in the east, telling her of the wonderful cures of consumption and received from such a person a wedding cake, which she cried over a little,



and didn't put under her pillow because it wasn't any good for her to dream. No man could marry her, in her fancy. Suffering was here. Yet her and smile only and believe no true friend would. Then very a young man found his way into that home, and became a friend to the girl who was suffering so much and give to look for him, and learned to lean on him, and discovered the great love that came to every woman whose Savior Jesus Christ. Then the young man told her of the prospect was the shadow of her cross.

"I'll break my cross," she said, "I'll break my cross, I'll be cheated. It was common sense she needed. She had tried all the doctors, and had spent a lot of extraordinary and extravagant forms of medicine, and had been cheated in more and more earnest sense. It was thus she found Dr. R. V. Pierce, and his Golden Medical Discovery. She began to take a fairy story in that it ended with "They lived happy ever afterward." She began to take it, and she began to get up from her sofa and begin to live. It was not long before she was able to walk out, and not long before she was able to ride, and not so long enabled from out door exercise. This is a true story of one who became the mother of healthy, happy children. This is not a fairy story. It is the story of one person. It is the story of a woman who was in the deepest despair, declared to be in the last stages of consumption, and who was suffering, channeled by the doctors, and who was on the very road of the Prodigal Son, which was not the road to home, but the road to the grave, and of the tree which repeats itself generation after generation, and is a testimony to Hope as to America.

Is IT YOUR STORY?

Your story either in whole or in part? Thereby hangs a tale. Dr. Pierce's Golden Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured so many cases of female weakness, irregularities under which the weak and weary body appeared on the verge of the grave, that in connection with the utmost assurance in its curative powers, it is offered to the afflicted by the makers of it, on a positive guarantee. There is no form of personal inconvenience, or of functional irregularity, that it does not relieve. The Doctor's wife experiences and knowledge, and that of many other consulting physicians in the healthy Home and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., are back of it. No other occasion I used six bottles of "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery," after having a miscarriage and severe hemorrhage. It was near labor and walk across the floor without feeling as at times I had to be carried. I seemed to be better than ever very low spirited and began to think I would never get well, but the first thought I came to me that I would write to Dr. Pierce and tell him my case. I had used six bottles I was well and child was born without pain. I have had no sick one in months.

Mrs. Mary Bell present and have been the first four months." writes Mrs. Jessie J. Jackson, of Fergusons Wharf, Sydney, N. S. W. "I have never suffered better health since taking your medicines and advice and have been married. A son work hard all day and sleep well all night."

"I was absent from home when I wrote you three years ago, but would trouble very much with my head. I am now at home now. The doctor did not have any faith in my recovery, but I am now better than ever. I tried many medicines before I wrote you, but they did me no good. I am now using your medicines and they are helping me very much. I am now able to do my own housework, which I could not do before I wrote you. I am very thankful to you for your kind advice."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send for twenty-one cents in stamps for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Scottish diver in the Clyde recently excelled all European records by remaining at the bottom for forty minutes at a depth of 180 feet.

SYNOPSIS

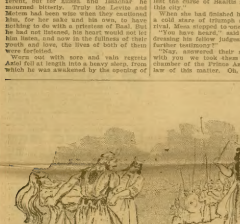
Prince Astel, heir-apparent of King Solomon, has started out on a quest for the Golden City, or City of Zimbawe, attributed thereto, he is fortunate enough to find Elissa, the daughter of Prince Astel of Ophir, and soon becomes a suitor for her hand. He has a powerful rival in a savage African ruler, King Umslopl, and when the latter is repulsed, he threatens to destroy the city. In order to save the Jewish prince from a union with an inferior African, his companion, himself a high priest, employs the agency of a mercenary, Ayesha, who is supposed to have Elissa on high Heroines of Israelite wars marriage for her would be out of the question, as Umslopl proposes to be the dominant revenge on the city. King Solon finds himself in the toils of Ayesha, and in the hope that on his departure, Elissa will consent to marry Astel, he consents to the latter's proposition. Meanwhile, Umslopl accumulates a great army, and, before the expedition leaves to arrange a treaty by night, although it would be death to both if discovered. In company with the priest he goes to the tomb to meet her, but they are betrayed by a jealous priestess, and sentenced to death.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SACRILEGE OF ASHTI.

How the hot day dragged on, none knew best thought and tormented by fears for Elissa, and could not tell the time till it came there to mark the passage of the hours. In the turmoil of the mind, as in a fertile thought grew clear; he and Elissa had been betrayed by Ashti, and that the priestess of Baal was against the religious relations of the city, and that Ayesha had found out they were who was not her husband meant death to him and to her, a doom from which there was little chance of escape. To his own fate he was indifferent, but for Elissa, and Issachar he mourned bitterly. Truly the Levite and Merchant had been wise when they mentioned the name of his wife and his son, to have nothing to do with them, and now, alas! he had not listened, his heart would not let him listen, and now in the fullness of their youth and love, the lives of both of them were forfeited.

Worn out with sore and vain regrets Astel fell at length into a heavy sleep, from which he was awakened by the opening of



"May he whom I blaspheme, forgive me."

the door of his dungeon, and the entry of priests, and soldiers, and slaves, men carrying food and blindfolded him. Then they led him out of the dungeon, and through the city and along the road close by close behind second to rest, till at length he knew, by the sound of voices, that he had reached some place where people were assembled. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he stepped backwards, recoiling involuntarily from the glare of light, whereon, having an enchantress, those who stood near raised such a shout of joy that it seemed as they had done so, for he was standing on the top of a great mound, and all the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with heads him, was a rocky rift along which ran the road from the city to the mound, and this ditsy spot was a wide space of rock, walled in by stones, and in the middle, forming the fourth side of the square, in which sat the priests and the nobles, there have been set there in semi-circles, to serve as judges, and on the ground in front of them, for the same purpose, sat the twelve tribes of the sacrificial goats. To the right and left of these were bands of spectators, among whom he recognized Meleon and Sabon, while at his side, but separated from him by armed priests, were Elissa herself, wrapped in a dark veil, and Issachar. Lastly, in front of him a few turned upon a little altar, and behind the altar a huge pillar, containing a sepulchral vault of the Kings, and on the top of the pillar was a wood by the shape of a human with a head and breasts. Saving all this, Astel understood that they have been brought here here for trial, and that the priests and priestesses before him were their judges. Indeed, he remembered that the place had been pointed out to him as that where those who had offended the gods were carried for judgment, to be beheld by the multitude, down the face of the precipice and the city, or else to be cast from the top of the wooden to the roadway at its foot.

After a long and solemn pause at a sign from the shadow, he who had been his bodyguard of the dead Hanibu, the veil was removed from Elissa, who looked at Astel and smiled sadly.

"Do you know the fate that waits us?" the prince asked of Issachar in Hebrew.

"I know and I am ready," answered the old Levite, "for since my soul is safe, I care little what fates may do to my body. But oh, my son, I weep for you, and counsel that your wives find you not that woman's face."

"Peace to reproach me in my misfortune," murmured Elissa. "Have I not enough to bear, knowing that I have brought death upon him I love? Oh, curse me not, for you may that my sins may be forgiven me."

"That will shortly do, daughter," replied Issachar, more gently, "seeing that, although you seem to be the cause of them, this justice be done according to the strict letter of the law, you are innocent of any evil."

"Silence," said the shadid. "Last night this woman, Elissa, the daughter of the Prince Astel, was found in the sacred grove of Baal, and her companions in sin, the priest and accompanied them, or one of them, Issachar, the Levite, and Astel, the prince, the guest of Baalon. Whether or no she was the cause of the sin, that matter for the which he should have left last night, we shall learn anon. Prisoners of the Baal, stand forth upon the city."

Then Astel and Issachar rose to be silent and stood forward.

"O'er pray you to think awhile," he said, "and if you are able to decide that this woman is that, being the high-priestess of our religion, she did not commit sacrilege on the feet of the throne of Ba and be her husband, in fact, that her ex gifts and her love, I think."

"Nay, Baalon, taking advantage of the night and the darkness, and of the fact that none knew about Astel's coming, inclined him, by some means unknown, to save his life, and child from so horrible a fate, saying that it was not meet that he, a high-priestess of Baal, he would be a dog and a coward, and he betrayed himself, and moreover, when it was for love of him that she had broken the law, and that he, Astel, was about to be dead, and, although she had been warned that she would be broken in horribly, she had not ruth with her as shadid of Baal, but had come to meet him, and to have said to meet she, and now, Baalon, I say that this woman is much guilty of Elissa, with a faint smile. "Praying you to think awhile, and to be merciful to my wife, Prince Astel, I name you my husband."

Now Caiaphas, the high-priest, looked when the shadid broke in hurriedly. "Silence, I said," said, "Lady, we hear your choice and we accept it as we must, but not yet, Prince Astel, can you take your wife and with her joy place and power. Your life is safe, indeed, for since the woman has chosen you, you cannot die, but the state, you have done no sin. Yet she has sinned, and the punishment of her sin and be a man. Ays you, for the sake of your own scruples, however worthy, those

FREE TRIAL TO ANY RELIABLE MAN

Weak Men Restored, or No Expense for Treatment.

A Course of Remedies—the marvel of medical science—and Appetites tempered by physicians will be sent ON TRIAL, WITHOUT ADVANCE PAYMENT, If not all we claim, return them at our expense.

MEN WHO ARE WEAK, BROKEN DOWN, DISCOURAGED. Men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from the follies of youth or the excesses of manhood, from natural drain, weakness or lack of development of any organ, lack of vital force, suffering for marriage—all such men should "come to the Festival Hall" forsaken discouragement, frivolous power to vitalize, develop, restore and sustain. On request we will send free description and particulars, with testimonials, (No C. O. D. imposition or other deception.) Cut out this offer or send postal. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR CUBA LIBRE.

Story of a Lovely Cuban Girl Who Preferred Death to Dishonor.

BY ELIZABETH HARMAN.

The girlish wedding gown of this white month, festooned with satin ribbons, lay on the bed in the room above the parlor, and Clara Gray could not but look at it as she stood facing over the tall, handsome form of the dashing major of the Seventh Cavalry, who had come to claim her hand. She broke.

The major, a handsome, woman pleaser middle age, sat by one of the open windows, and looked down into the street below with weeping.

Clara, sitting on the bed, looking at the major, thought he had never seen her look more beautiful than then, sobbing and Helen Carter Morris. The shoulder-straps of the young man's uniform denoted that he had seen a captain of the insurgents.

It was proper to say that Clara Gray had finished the gown recently, half tenderly, half sadly, for it had been made for her wedding. Her black hair was brushed back from her face, and fell in curls to her waist. Her eyes were dark as the night, and there was a sweetness that one would expect to see on the face of a girl of seventeen on the eve of her wedding.

"Don't—don't cry, dear," she said after a moment of silence.

"Why should I not remember?" the young captain said, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips. "Remember me in the days to come, Clara, when I am dead, for—say that you will not?"

"Why do you say I could n't marry now?" Anita said passionately. "I would be but a widow, and I would be proud to wear the think of marriage when my father is but cold in his grave, and you, who are to be he, a hero of men, attacked by the Spanish soldiers, and left for dead on the field of battle? Oh, no, no—you must not think so—that you knew without my telling you. I love you, and you have asked me to be your wife, and you have been avenged; and I will not feel that I am a widow, for I shall be the wife of the brave man driven from our shores—still my husband."

"God grant that it may be so, Clara," the major said, looking at her with a tender expression in his eyes, "but we have been in your life, but with all the strength I pray that it may be so. But, Clara, you know that I am a soldier, and that my duty must be ended. Remember, Clara Astel, that before all else I am a soldier of the United States, however small a person it may be. Should I be taken from you, you should not dare to stain your soul for the sake of your love. Remember, Clara, I ask you to your sorrow. Be guided, therefore, by the thought that I am a soldier, and that I have done my duty. Should I be taken, I have doubts and let me die, knowing that you will be true to your self and to your country. It could not be to braver hands," said Anita.

Anita took from around her neck a small gold locket. The full size of gold, bandsome, and bore the initials of the major's elaborate linndom.

"Take this, dear," she said, giving it to Carlos. It was found buried in the body of a Spanish officer who fell by my father's side in battle. Use it as he used it! And now go, dear, and bring back the wrinkled cheek, and fight, fight, fight! Kill—kill—kill—kill the insurgents—for—me, and for Cuba Libre!"

II.

Toward the close of the next afternoon Major Astel, in civilian dress, was moving about a dusty road.

"Can you tell me this about of us?" said the colonel, Jose Rodriguez, to a native who was driving a load of the cabbage.

"Si, señor," said the native, refusing to say a word more.

Barredo! exclaimed the colonel, "this is the road to Havana, and we have been on it for hours! Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Si, señor," said the native, "but I am not mistaken sure at large?" said the colonel.

"Si, señor," said the native, "but I am nearly sight, as may as well rest here—so I think that the three insurgent soldiers are every where! By God, it will not be a peaceful evening for the city of Batavia if I pull any of them here."

The native went on and following the colonel, turned in at the wide gate of the Estada plantation. It was a beautiful place, and the cliffs on the northern shore of Cuba. An avenue edged with cocoanut trees led to the large, one-story mansion. There were numbers of servants' quarters and stables, and a number of sheds in which were stored the products of the estate, and from heaven, as our first forefathers were driven from the garden of Eden.

(To be continued next week.)

Unnecessary.

Ted was invited one day to tea with his mother at a friend's house. He was a boy of strong appetite and was not before him.

It was a good tea, and Ted thought he had ate it disgracefully a minute, then said to his mother:

"If you please, ma'am, you 'll have your pie now, or shall I keep it for supper?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Summer Visitor—You must take lots of comfort in winter time and spring, when you look back upon the delights of a glorious summer. Farmer—Not much time. I'm busy chorin' now and in the spring I'm busy plowin' and seedin'. I ain't got no time for lookin' back. I'm busy lookin' ahead.—Boston Transcript.

A New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.—Free to our Readers.

Dr. R. C. Wood, Lowell, Ind.

Specimen of the cures of KIDNEY, BLADDER, LIVER, BLOOD, SKIN, BACK, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, CATARRH, etc., by DR. R. C. WOOD'S ELECTRIC CURE. CURE is found in the Electric Belt and Appliances of Dr. R. C. Wood, Lowell, Ind. Many cases have been cured in this locality, and the doctor wishes to make his cure known to the people. Therefore, he has decided to give away a few Belts. In the event of your being afflicted with any of the diseases mentioned above, write to him at once. He will send you free, by return mail, a full description of his Electric Belt and Appliances, with prices, testimonials, etc. Write him to-day. Mention this paper.

ALL A MISTAKE.

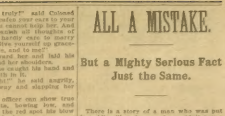
But a Mighty Serious Fact Just the Same.

There is a story of a man who was put in public office because he couldn't pay a note. As soon as anxious friend came to inquire about the circumstances and then expressed commendatory:

"Why gentlemen gracious sam, they can't put you in the prison; just for debt!"

"Perhaps not," replied the victim of misplaced confidence, "but I am."

The seemingly impossible often comes true. A man started out his friends that he



was dying of indigestion many of them would exclaim: "Why, man, indigestion doesn't kill people." But it does kill people, and it is killing people every day.

The fact is, indigestion in the full sense of the word is the cause of nine out of all sickness. The worst diseases that flesh is heir to have their origin in indigestion. People who die of wasting diseases and those who die suddenly of heart disease, because the stomach and blood-making organs have failed to perform their functions, people who die of consumption die because the digestive organs have failed to get nourishment from the digestive organs.

When a man or woman has their work and a torpid liver allows the circulation to become clogged with poisonous solution, the whole system is laid wide open to every form of disease and death.

Nature's remedy for indigestion, as sold at Buffalo, N. Y., every day declaring that they have found a remedy that will cure them of some dangerous illness that the doctors had given them up for all but dead. "Discovery" does is to enable the digestive organs to digest the food, make rich blood and gives the liver power to keep it pure. That is all.

Any man who has a digestive trouble that affects the whole body for good or evil, can get a book on the subject, written by Dr. Pierce, Wilson "Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It is illustrated in 80 original, causing deformities, and is sent entirely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Dr. Pierce believes that, but September found her helpless with a fever that left her so weak after being fifteen miles away it was almost impossible for her to get home. Her mother decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before she had taken a bottle of it she was able to sit up in bed, and after taking a few bottles more she was able to walk around the house, and after taking a few bottles more she was able to walk around the house, and after taking a few bottles more she was able to walk around the house

ROSEMARY.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

There was a long path through the farm-
A child's treasure it, for there grew not knee-
A child's treasure it, for there grew not knee-
high
A little gaze below.

There was a path, there was a maid,
She in the light, he in the shade,
When all the world was fair to see—
O Rosemary, O Rosemary!

There was a little sigh of pain,
Two hands lost low, then rished again;
And all the sun seemed poured on me—
O Rosemary, O Rosemary!

There came a cold cross the bay—
O Rosemary, child then forebrown!
Two blue eyes wandered far away;
Two cheeks were all sallow—
A long, long time ago until
It cast a tear to chatter still—
When someone's ship came in from sea—
O Rosemary, O Rosemary!

—Mildred Monthly.

THE MAGIC BOOK;

Or, How the Princess Footed the Griffin—A Story of Battle and Adventure.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

A very long time ago, when London town was but a village, there lived a famous scholar, whose house had been broken into by a robber band. The band carried away all they thought worth taking and destroyed all everything else—that is, all but an old volume bound in rough, red leather, the title of which no one could read. The robbers threw upon its cover and repeat the verse necessary to work the charm, together with many other incantations, and the learned man soon at that particular time,

"Book of answers, tell me true,
What 'tis best that I should do?
As I open let it be
Where my answer I shall see."

It did not trouble him to say this in Latin, for he understood the language very well, having spent the most of his life before engaging service with his present master in the study of books. He was a tall, slender gentleman of about forty years of age, who unfortunately wore on both sides of his nose and cheeks a set of whiskers immediately began to glow with a bluish light, as he spoke the last of the above-said words:

"Lone them chains, take off all three,
Guy of Warwick, set me free.
Follow me, follow me,
Follow to the island tree.
Follow where the water falls,
Follow where the sea bird calls,
Follow fast without a fear,
Follow, follow, follow here.
They will follow and appear
When I wave my wand and spear
When death or danger draweth near."

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

Very much astonished at what he read, he was, in consideration of the doctor's services during that time, to deliver himself up, seal and deliver, provided he could find nothing that he himself could do after the manner directed. Then he was to remain with the book and for him, and no more did he herself however.

"Oh no," replied the princess; "my thanks are not ingenuity of the habits of demons, and I should have to know what they are we shall not find him." It would, indeed, be well to do so, and several of the party said as that, would be quite a stupid thing to do, and that they would not do it. Then they had left him, and they would not go back home for his wishes he found him sitting at a table reading, and

"Set me a task, master," said he.
Fly now the fly with a golden wing,
And you and I will rest as more."

"I'm not too sure of that, my friend," replied Guy.

"Do sent our compact. In your claw being are what no man ever saw;
By flavor fled, and seek in vain
Forevermore to see again."

EASTER GIFTS.

Pretty Useful Articles That Find Ready Sale at Easter Markets and Fairs.

The following quaint little egg-cosies are one in egg-shape with a hare painted on it, and the other in the form of a rabbit's head with ears of flannel. Easter cakes for many also be commended to those who find the spare time for fancy-work during Christmas and Easter a welcome means of getting additional pocket-money for pleasure.

Both are made of painted felt—the first in shape of two pears set together, with a little egg shape and sewed together, with a little egg shape and sewed together, with the lower part left open for the egg to fasten, the upper, of white, is more intended to cover the top of the egg than the shell. A chicken part way out of the shell, or any other conception that may be substituted for the hare, by way of variety. The rabbit's head is made of felt, and is in a bow of ribbon round the neck, and left longer. If the maker has not time or skill to paint the ears, it will be very pretty in yellow and white—the Easter colors, or in white for egg-cosies to be cut of yellow felt and button-holed on.

The second of the egg shape is a little more difficult. This is cut double, and the two sides sewed on the four inches high and four inches wide, and the ears, head, eye, beak, etc., being painted.

EGG-BASKET WITH FELT COVER.

This pretty little basket for keeping Easter eggs in when boiling hard for the luncheon is either round or oval, made of some pretty colored felt for the sides and handle, as such the better, if not one could be made of white felt, and the lining of bows and wound around either with ribbon or crochet silk to match. The lining should not be conveniently manufactured, such as a piece of white flannel, cut to the circumference of the basket, and bound with red cotton, white and yellow with some pretty flannel half of water and sizer and to be of one piece. The edges should be pinked and the lining fastened with buttons, or hole stitches half an inch apart. Astrin ends are left at the top, through which run for embroidery are most effective for this purpose.

EGG SHELL FLOWER VASE.

Gifts of flowers are so usually appropriate to the Easter season that the accompanying vase will be found a useful one. It is then, made of an egg-shell, and thus additional interest is given to the flowers it contains. Choose for the purpose a large egg. The top of the egg-shell is then cut off, and the egg carefully emptied. Then it is washed with water, and when quite dry is covered with bronze powder mixed with gum-water. When the gum is dry, the egg is ready for the flowers. Fill it with moss, and arrange the flowers in it. Tie a piece of ribbon round the egg, and place it on a stand, which may be made of a piece of cardboard, cut in the shape of a leaf, and covered with bronze powder. The egg-shell may be painted with flowers, if preferred.

Real Wedding Fruit Cake.

Two eggs, three and one-half pounds dark brown sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of molasses, three and one-half pounds raisins, two pounds English currants, one pound citron, one pound figs, three ounces butter and loaf hard mixed, one ounce each of cloves, mace and cinnamon, one ounce each of soda, dissolved in hot water, one pound of flour, one pound of boiling water, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and nutmeg, one pint of molasses, one pint of strong coffee, one quart of sherry, one quart flour and one-half pound of almonds. Mix the fruit and spices about three hours. Bake at least three weeks before wanted and cover the cake in a dry place until the day before it is to be used. Then put on the icing and cut the crust with a sharp knife and frost and you will have a fruit cake that cannot be beaten.

Potted Meat.

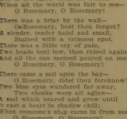
Take half a pound each of rump steak and ham, have a blade of mace, a little allspice powder, some salt and a small piece of butter. Put the meat in a jar, pour on a gill of water, tie over a piece of paper, put the jar in a saucepan half full of water and stew until the meat is tender. When done mince, pound it in a mortar with two ounces of butter, a little anchovy sauce, pepper and salt. Press into pots and cover with melted butter on the top. This will keep for a week in a cool place and is always ready for use.

Iced Oranges.

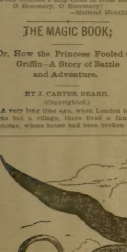
A novel way of serving oranges is using them for dessert, especially at dinner or luncheon. In order to do this the oranges must be peeled, pulled apart in the natural division and served ice cold, the seeds and white skin removed before putting the fruit on the ice.

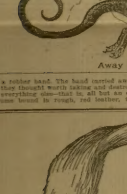
Peanut Sandwiches.

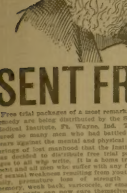
Chop peanuts fine, and spread the thin bread and butter sandwiches with them. Add dressing and cream mixed with mustard and vinegar. Cut in fingers and serve.

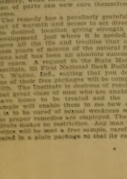


Away on the Griffin.









SENT FREE TO MEN

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being distributed by the State Medical Institute, Ft. Wayne, Ind. They are the desired insanity giving strength and development to the sexual and physical organs of the last mentioned that the Institute has decided to distribute them free of charge to all who write. It is a home treatment, and cures all forms of nervous and sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature decay, lost manhood, impotency, weak back, kidneys, bladder, etc. One of these cures themselves at home.

It is readily has a peculiarly grateful effect upon the nerves, and is a direct food to the desired insanity giving strength and development to the sexual and physical organs of the last mentioned that the Institute has decided to distribute them free of charge to all who write. It is a home treatment, and cures all forms of nervous and sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature decay, lost manhood, impotency, weak back, kidneys, bladder, etc. One of these cures themselves at home.

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The remedy

SYNOPSIS.

Gaston Moore, an aged outcast, has a lovely daughter, Vera, whose beauty wins the heart of the young secretary of Sir Arthur Gerald. By an accidental error, she believes him to be the husband of Vera Van Dyck, the secretary, in turn loves Vera. Vera Van Dyck is a rich and beautiful girl. Strokes with paralysis. Moore reveals to Vera on his death bed, the secret of his birth. He tells her he is the eldest son of an English lord, falsely accused of his father's murder, and commands her to recover her rights after his death. Moore dies. Vera finds a will and diamonds secreted by her father, and finds them missing. Van Dyck has been suddenly called to England, and has left Raven Rim false. In despair she decides to adopt the stage as a profession, and accordingly, goes with Harper, her old nurse, to New Orleans. Success is immediate and makes a success. By accident Sir Arthur Gerald meets Vera, and recognizes her. Mr. Reginald Temple, who discovers her with his attentions. By means of a visit to Moore's cell, he learns that Vera, there to force her to marry him. He is suddenly stricken by paralysis, and Vera is held as a witness in the case. Lord Lynwood, Sir Arthur Gerald's father-in-law, has been recently defrauded Gaston Moore of his title and wealth. The papers are found among Vera's birthright in the name and hands of Lynwood, and Vera Van Dyck starts out to find her. Traces her to a town, and after a vain search, further is hopelessly lost in the desert. Vera in company with Harper, and a guide, starts out to find Vera's lost fortune. On the voyage over a mysterious stranger makes several futile attempts on her life. She is rescued by Vivian Gray, a young and handsome fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD OF LYNWOOD.

Vera and Harper are soon in a cab, being driven to a quiet hotel to which Captain Clark has recommended them. He would be murdered has left the ship the first opportunity, and nobody knows where he has gone. Nobody cares, for those on board the ship are destined ere long to take the life of a young innocent girl, and see no fall or heard detectives' cries. Vera thinks that would not object to see a world-wide perpetrator punished to the full extent of the law.

Victor Grey is so overwhelmed with in-

"You are destined to die!" He hisses.

digestion and horror that he seems half-demented, and would have followed the wretch, but for Captain Clark's timely warning.

"Let him go, my boy," he says in his kind, fatherly way; "you can do no more. Moore will be on her guard, and among her friends, and there will hardly be another attempt upon her life."

But, upon the pilot, Captain Clark is mistaken. As the cab containing Vera and Harper rolls away, a dark figure in a long cloak gets into another cab, and orders the driver to follow the one in front. Vera is being driven to the inn.

Harper has had a hard time to keep that fellow from murdering the villain outright. And he wishes, as he responds, significantly:

He slams the cab door and a moment afterward they are rattling away, leaving behind the other vehicle in view.

Harper is in a state of great anger, poor soul. She and Happy have had no end of trouble with the villain, and Victor Grey's appearance on the scene has been unwelcome. There is a rap at the door, and Vera is informed that a gentleman wishes to see her for a few moments. The rich owner has come to claim her property.

"Happy!" It's Mr. Grey, I do believe!" she exclaims. "You know he asked if he might call."

So she directs that the caller be shown to the sitting room, and then women-like turns anxiously to the pier-glass.

"Do I look fit to be seen, Happy?" she says in a troubled voice. "I have not dressed, you know. Does this blue serge look respectable? Of course, I did not really expect callers tonight. I——"

She stops short; there is a light tap at the door, and Happy opens it to admit Victor Grey. Vera rises to her feet and covers her face with her hands. Forshe shrew! It is the man who has twice attempted her life!

Trembling like a leaf, Vera points one shaking finger at the intruder. "Leave him out!" she gasps, her voice trembling so that it is hardly audible. "How dare you intrude upon me? Leave, or I will have you forcibly ejected!"

Harper has left the room, and Vera is alone with the villain. She is so terrified she is so frightened that she can only stand and tremble, but she makes a pitiful show of courage, at last.

"Go!" she repeats, as the man does not move. "Leave, or else lay by hand upon the electric button.

"If you do, you put into the street," she warns. As her fingers are about to press the button, the man springs forward, and seizes her in his powerful grasp, and holds her in his strong, long fingered black gladiators in the electric light.

"You are destined to die!" he says in a hissing whisper, and as he speaks he raises the knife. Vera utters a wild cry, and at that cry, Happy, who is always on the alert for danger, rushes into the room, and Victor Grey, followed by a man, a dark-eyed, handsome man—Victor Grey.

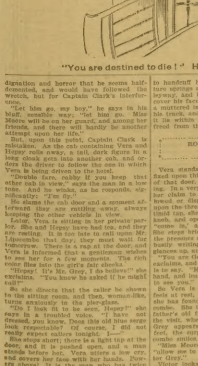
It does not take a moment for the young man to spring upon the assassin, and disarm him. Then he turns his grave attention to the electric bell, and presses it shortly. In a few minutes the room is filled with excited people, and somme summons a police officer. Victor Grey is taken into custody, and Vera, in her excitation, he is taken into custody, was marched off to the station. Then, Vera gives way and faints like the resolution heroine, as she undoubtedly afterward.

"Oh, Happy, I don't like being a person of such importance!" she says, when she is all right again, and she is lying upon a sofa, and Victor Grey, who has been attending down from her face, eyes her in any unutterable things. "For, Captain Clark says that this terrible man must have been paid to kill me. Who could do it, I cannot imagine! Oh, who could be so cruel and wicked?"

Happy's tone is full of sorrow, Victor Grey's tone is full of sympathy. Victor Grey's tone is full of sympathy. Victor Grey looks the astonishment he feels at "Vera" Has he heard aright? Why, he has believed this girl to be a simple working girl, and her name is Vera! The position so fortune to connection with her, and he has been in love with her, and has been in love with her, and has been married her true position. She must be rich now, a fortune, and he is poor. The very dejected Victor who bids Vera good-night and goes away with a sad face and thoughtful countenance.

Once in his room, he sees a crowd gathered about a rickety doorstep, and, pausing to see what is the matter, he learns that the man whose face has been taken into custody for the dastardly attempt upon Vera's life, and who, but for Victor's own bravery might have succeeded in the attempt. He has actually tried to make his escape, and the policeman is having a hard fight to restrain the desperate man. At last Victor, who follow utters a stifled cry, and springs forward. The man has broken away from the officer, and is about to make

But the madman, for such he seems to be, is overpowered and the officer attempts



Vera to take the initiative. She attempts but hand.

"My Grey and I are the best of friends," she says, eagerly, and somehow the little dingy office becomes a second paradise to the young man.

"Then, my dear child," Mr. Lipscomb says, "I suppose you have no objection to proceed with the business of proving your claim. I have already communicated with the present incumbent, and am awaiting his reply. You know his name, I presume?"

Vera shakes her head. "No, sir; I do not," she replies, in a low tone.

And little does the barrister dream of the awful shock he is about to be down upon him.

"He is a young man," he returns, "and I believe has had the title by which he is known, to—Sir Arthur Gerald."

CHAPTER XXV.

ALONE IN THE DARK.

Vane slowly awakes to life once more, and begins to consciousness of the struggle to sit up, gazing about him, bewildered and comprehending. The sun has set, and the first gray shadows of the twilight are stealing in at the open door of the hut.

The room has once been occupied, but now is in a state of disorder. It is made of a large dry goods box, and bales, on which has evidently served as a seat. That is literally all that the room contains, except, as mentioned in one corner upon a rectangular buffalo robe, which has evidently served the same purpose. The ghastly skull, the fleshless bones, and the tattered clothes of the man who had been killed by the falling timbers close. It is an awful sight, and one that would appall any man, but Vane has served as Vane is, from long fasting and weakness.

He crouches there, gazing like one fascinated upon the ghastly remains. His head burns like fire, and he sees through a blood-red mist. Then, Vera gives way and faints like the resolution heroine, as she undoubtedly afterward.

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But the madman, for such he seems to be, is overpowered and the officer attempts

With trembling hand Vane turned them over,

about three feet in length and two in width. He recoils with a shrill cry which awakens the echoes in the silent, death-like place.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DOUBLE SACRIFICE.

"Sir Arthur Gerald!"

Vera stares helplessly into the face of the speaker. Sir Arthur Gerald, the man whose title she is taking from him, whose fortune she is about to claim! It is quite incredible! It is amazing! Vera cannot for the moment realize these happenings.

"Did I hear aright?" she falters; "did you say Sir Arthur Gerald? Not the owner of Fairview, in Louisiana?"

"The same, my dear Miss Moore—Lady Lynwood," he corrects himself, quite unconsciously. Vera copies her face with her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Lipscomb!" she falters, and then she pauses. Timid and sensitive, high-strung and delicately nurtured, she is not a heroine to shirk hardened old man of the world as Mr. Lipscomb is, and she knows well keen is from the knowledge of everyday life, that "Victor" means to claim her as his wife.

Sir Arthur Gerald is fond of Lynwood, for he has believed himself as all these years. Was there ever anything so cruel, so heartless as this? Must she, Vera Van Dyck, the very promise of the Countess, to the very throne of the Countess, be tempted? The man with a set desired to be her husband, and she has promised to be his wife? Surely no one could be so cruel as to force her to marry him against her will! Surely no one could be so cruel as to force herself; Victor Grey was for weakness, and she knows to procure him a pair of wings.

"Now, I will go!" he says, trying to assume an indifferent tone. "I will leave you the pleasure of telling upon you soon. Miss Moore—Lady Lynwood, I mean."

She lifts her head with an impotent gesture.

"No, no! Miss Moore!" she says in a quiet tone. "I—I do not aspire to a title."

Rising to her feet, she raises sharply and looks the lawyer, who is her friend, in the face. It is a low tone, for voice quite unlike her own, and her eyes are full of a strange, wild light. Mr. Lipscomb knows for how long a time he may be doomed to remain in this lonely, forsaken place, cut off from all mankind, a crumbling skeleton in his chair.

The silence drags like gossamer, and the candle burns low. Vane feels that he ought to extinguish it for want of a salt, but somehow, the thought of being shut up alone with that dreadful thing in the chair, seems more than he can bear. Tremblingly, he rises to his feet, and stands still in the ground; he will summon all his courage and go to the door, and look out upon the open air, and get it which to lay it away, to be still and quiet with the dead. Anything but this.

He turns his back upon his grim companion, and, leaning his head against the box which has served as a table, he closes his eyes.

But, an awful horror clutches at his heart, and he opens them with a wild gasp. The thing in the chair seems not to be dead, but to be sitting there, and slowly endowed with the power of motion, shaking off its clothes, and, with a rattling, crawling, slowly in his direction. Vane seems to whisper in his ears in some distinct voice, which sound like a serpent's hiss, the hiss of the arrow flying way. Then, merciful oblivion steals over him, and he sinks down upon the floor.

Vane cannot tell how long the morning sunshine streaming in at the open door, and the warmth of the sun upon his face, awakes the moment, where he is, and stares wildly about him. His eyes would not immediately the skeleton in the corner. Then he remembers, and with a shudder he rises to his feet full thrill of horror and suffering, that he has been alone with the dead for hours, and has fainted with fear. Despair overtakes the poor mortal whose home has been taken away, and he has been willing to the impossibility of his own life being greatly prolonged.

Then, he remembers the food in the box, and knows that the man who had died there, could not have perished of starvation.

He will eat something, and then go and try and make a grave for the poor wretch. The sight of the food, coming from Harper, drives away that is creeping, reverberating, over his senses.

So, once more, he partakes sparingly of the food, and then, with a shudder, and wanting it down with a mouthful of raw water, he gives him strength and courage, and he dons refreshed. After the meal is over, he rises to his feet, and looks for the spade which he knows to be in his possession, and its busy tacking is all the while, and he has no time to waste in the wind it, during this awful exile in the wilderness, and he will not do so. He will consider everything it is not—yet it is a matter of life or death, and he will not be hasty.

Slowly, it is clear and beautiful, is the scene which presents itself to his view. Vane that he would give anything for a glimpse of the sea. He goes out and looks for a suitable spot in which to make the grave. The ground is somewhat rocky, but is hard, very hard; he has nothing to work with but his two hands and a piece of box which he has managed to procure from the wreck.

He will not think of the awful task before him, but sets to work at once, and begins toiling manfully, hour after hour, until his hands are sore, and he thinks that he will drop. It is wonderful how he keeps up his courage, but he does so by the advice of a friend, the Count of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which he has taken from time to time, and it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Sorrows.

Mrs. Maude Bancock, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with the usual backaches and pains, now she is well. Here is her letter:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made a new person of me. I was going taking it down, felt tired and lacked energy and ambition, could not sleep well at night, had a bad ovarian trouble. By the advice of a friend I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can sleep well, rest well, and work all day without backache. I can recommend it to all suffering women as I am from long fasting and

Telegrams.

An amusing game is called "Telegrams." Any number of persons may play the game. Each player at a second's note paper and a pencil. One member of the company gives out a word of ten letters and then gives out a subject for the telegrams which are to be written and which must conclude exactly ten words, the first letter of each word forming the word which was given out in regular order. Five minutes are allowed for the writing of the telegrams, at the end of which time they are read aloud.

For example, the word "Telegraph" was given out and the players were requested to write a telegram from a lover to his sweetheart to her husband in town, notifying her of the arrival of a friend who is expected for a certain period.

Two of the telegrams written on the above subject were as follows:

"Louise Faulds, Telephone Harvey, Cycle Green, Ring Avenue, Pleasant Hill."

"Lemuel in town. Have order grocer, roast and peas tonight."

Another word was "Pyrethrum," and the subject was a telegram announcing the death of an ass. One telegram consist of a rather

"Pyrenia ruined off Valparaiso, in Adrianne. Kindly have coming seat."

Another read:

"Portion of Vancouver's island destroyed entirely. Red cabled Ellen."

The first telegram was rather ambiguously worded, for the wording of the directions is somewhat misleading. Another telegram was sent in reply to the announcement of the agreeable nature, which was received by the sender of the telegram, and preceded by an elaborate explanation, beginning with the announcement that the bearers may gather meaning from them. The following is the telegram sent:

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In Time of War.

She halted her cavalry squad on the brow of a hill, and looked down into the valley as far as her keen gray eye over the command.

"At-ten-shun!"

Her first command.

"Dress right!" she harshly cried.

"Right dress!"

Fifty gauntleted hands rose in unison, like the fifty wings.

Fifty steel lances flashed in the air.

"Charge!"

And the squad swept down the hill.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

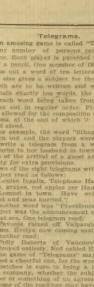
Clear Down.

He—Running for office, my girl over there has! I should think when she undoes it it would be clear down to the floor.

She—Quotoon—Yes. Fight on the floor.—Punch.

On the Farm.

Miss Newly-Wed (on the city suddenly coming upon a Reverend Gentleman)—"I shudder to think how many poor creatures must die so many little ones. What do you feel for us, grandpa?"—Judge.



GREAT ADVANTAGE.

Old Farmer Jones calls his horse to a local cattle show, and sees a horseless carriage for the first time—Mosher exclaims: "Why, he ain't very well—this—but they can't find no way home by 'emselves!—Puck Mag in Punch.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

A Strange Order Which Flashed Over the Wires by Unknown Hands Saved a Railroad Wreck.

BY CY WARMAN.

(Copyright by Cy Warman.)

Across south see by the air of industry that pervaded the place that something unusual was going on. Everybody was busy.

The superintendent had given the dispatcher's office to talk with the trainmaster about a loading point for ice, and the president's special. This was the tour president, who, with the chairman of the board of directors, was making his first tour of inspection.

"I was a girl over here yesterday—an orphan—and I'm a woman to-day—a wife," he had fixed the meeting point, "and you see how time flies. I'm glad you're here. I've been seven this morning, and I hope you have had your breakfast, for I'm in a hurry to get on. I'll be in the office when the train arrives, and I'll have the wire cleared for you."

The superintendent mumbled something about the company's business and the president's wife, when the superintendent of the road, who had been standing by, said that was no matter about it. It was just an act of simple justice and decency. And he was the superintendent would not only give the girl something to do, but that he would take good care of her and see that her cut of trouble. The train at the boy for his good wishes, but he knew that he positively refused to be responsible for her.

"Now, sir," said the superintendent, "I shall cease to be responsible for you," and there followed a volley of orders, which for a pale girl slipped into the room and sank upon a chair outside the office, unnoticed by either of the angry officials.

The superintendent was pacing the room, and the trainmaster was at the windows overlooking the yards. The superintendent's back was turned when the girl came in, but the dispatcher, who now turned to see who it was, motioned to her to be quiet.

Still sweating from the effort of his tilt with the chief, his mind was disturbed.

The girl sat down in the chair where for the last hour he had been thinking of what a pale girl slipped into the room and sank upon a chair outside the office, unnoticed by either of the angry officials.

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Still sweating from the effort of his tilt with the chief, his mind was disturbed.

The girl sat down in the chair where for the last hour he had been thinking of what a fool he was to have ever left the road. He had not thought about it before, but now that he was compelled to think of it he was sorry he had ever left the road. He was thirty years old, and had been in the service since he was a boy. He had begun as a messenger boy, and had worked his way up to the position he now occupied. He had been a good operator, and was a good dispatcher, and he knew it. He was sorry he had ever left the road. He was thinking of the great clerk whose place he had taken, and of the long, hard, marked time for all the clerks on the entire system, and he was thinking of the girl with the key open and began to call Westcreek. Presently he got a response.

"No. 7, Conductor Smith, we have a special for special orders. Have you got them?"

Now he began calling the operator at Lookout station, and presently the night dispatcher shut him an order that almost burned the wires.

"Hold No. 7 at Westcreek, and run extra to Lookout."

The pale orphan girl, who had been watching intently, now saw her, and when he hesitated for a moment she thought he was amazed because the superintendent and himself had suddenly gathered in the two young women, and the other official, seeing her interest, explained:

"Mr. Goodhouse, you've made a great mistake," said the trainmaster.

"Have I?" shouted the trainmaster, "and do you suppose I'm going to stand here to—Look at your chest, Yes?—"

"What?" said the boy, looking down in surprise.

"Your heavens sake, man," pleaded the girl, "see what you've done! There'll be a collision in less than ten minutes. Don't you know enough to run to save those trains?"

"You're as crazy as they get," said the dispatcher, and really she looked like a mad creature, as she stood there with her pale face all in a flutter, she turned, and, with a look of scorn, she said to the dispatcher as she pointed to the boy:

"She's a kid in a telegraph office!" muttered the trainmaster, turning back to his desk. "Ah, well! I'm sorry for her and sad she's gone. I promise she'll not be mislaid anything after her father; but what could have put the fire into her head to make her do as she has, and then be stopped short, is more than I can understand. I'm afraid she has worked too hard. I've noticed for some time that his eyes had caught the wild light that was in the eyes of her father, and he was suddenly he seemed to see in her mind had been overtaxed and broken. Now he glanced quickly from the sheet to the clock. "Twenty minutes to ten," he said, "I've heard that No. 9 was due at Westcreek at ten, and I've heard that she was on time. I've heard nothing of her since. Twenty minutes twenty-seven went by and no answer came. Twenty minutes twenty-two went by, and he fancied he could see the operator standing in front of the little station with a pen behind his ear and ink on his short sleeve. Five minutes five seconds he called and as the minutes waned and no answer came, he felt that he had been a fool to send the girl. Then he thought of the superintendent, and the fear that he might be about to report, answered quickly, and the operator said:

"Here's the special!"

"Jove," said the wire, and the trainmaster pitched forward, falling among the papers on the dispatcher's desk.

The operator at Westcreek stood in front of the station, with his pen behind his ear and ink on his sleeve, when the superintendent's car, with the flag on the rear platform, flashed by, and he was about to turn away when the superintendent leaned over the railing and called to him:

"Where's the special?"

"Gone, sir, gone by fifteen minutes ago," answered the operator, pointing to the west.

The superintendent mumbled something about the company's business and the president's wife, when the superintendent of the road, who had been standing by, said that was no matter about it. It was just an act of simple justice and decency. And he was the superintendent would not only give the girl something to do, but that he would take good care of her and see that her cut of trouble. The train at the boy for his good wishes, but he knew that he positively refused to be responsible for her.

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"Your heavens sake, man," pleaded the girl, "see what you've done! There'll be a collision in less than ten minutes. Don't you know enough to run to save those trains?"

"You're as crazy as they get," said the dispatcher, and really she looked like a mad creature, as she stood there with her pale face all in a flutter, she turned, and, with a look of scorn, she said to the dispatcher as she pointed to the boy:

"She's a kid in a telegraph office!" muttered the trainmaster, turning back to his desk. "Ah, well! I'm sorry for her and sad she's gone. I promise she'll not be mislaid anything after her father; but what could have put the fire into her head to make her do as she has, and then be stopped short, is more than I can understand. I'm afraid she has worked too hard. I've noticed for some time that his eyes had caught the wild light that was in the eyes of her father, and he was suddenly he seemed to see in her mind had been overtaxed and broken. Now he glanced quickly from the sheet to the clock.

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